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Another Story

Not that I got sick of food from working with it. I just started eating less and less and then...stopped.

But you taste? A lot of tasting would equal...

I can tell other ways. Somewhere along the line, I stopped tasting and the other senses sharpened. With steaks I just touch.

Wait a minute! You die if you don't eat. Your body's like an engine, calories in, calories out in energy.

So they tell me.

How long have you...?

Oh three to eight years. Don't remember.

Why aren't you...cadaverous? You're sure not fat but...

You got me. I don't know.

How about vitamins?

I don't know about that either.

What do doctors say?

I have no idea. Never go to one.

What do you do when you get sick?

I never do. If it got bad I'd go to bed.

When were you last sick?

Oh, long time ago. Can't remember. Before I stopped eating anyway.

Do you drink?

Water.

Spring water, bottled? You'd get some minerals that way.

That sometimes. Philly tap water other times. No method.

You're an anorexic, I mean like in the textbooks.

I think I would be if there was something wrong with me.
I mean, other people are. Those poor little girls. My heart
goes out to them.

You're going to the Phillies game tomorrow night. They're awful this year, but I insist. Maybe I'll get a vile hotdog into you.

People always try. It's okay. Anyway, love to go. I don't care if they're awful or what they are.

It could be a late night. They expect rain, so could be lots of delays before they get the game in. You cooking breakfast this week?

That's right, but, not to worry, I don't sleep either. Never
have to. But that's another story.